

MARCH, 1937

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Detective COMICS

10¢



BRAND NEW!
ACTION-PACKED
STORIES IN
COLOR!

SPEED SAUNDERS

AND THE RIVER PATROL



ON EVERY LARGE CITY THERE ARE THE G-MEN - IN EVERY LARGE SEAPORT THERE ARE G-MEN - KNOWN AS THE HARBOR POLICE.

"SPEED" CYRIL SAUNDERS IS A SPECIAL OPERATING IN A UNIT OF THE RIVER PATROL.

NOW FOR A NICE QUIET EVENING AT HOME - A BOOK, MY PIPE -



HELLO SPEED THIS
IS HEN VELSOR HE
HAS A STORY I'D
LIKE TO HAVE -
YOU HEAR.

WELL I'M NOT PEOPLE
CALLS A BAYMAN. I
MAKES ME LIVING RAKING
THE BAY.

-ME AND ME PARTNER JOE PLUM - WE
BIN A' TRAWLIN' AND DIGGIN' IN THE
BAY FER NIGH ON TO 30 YEARS -

WE RARELY MISSED A
DAY AND OUR HAULS
WERE GOOD UNTIL -----



JOE! LOOK!
A DEAD
MAN!

AND THET AINT
ALL! WE'VE FOUND
THREE MORE BODIES
AFLOATIN' IN THE
BAY BY JOVE!



OH - AND I ALMOST
FORGOT - THEM BODIES
WUZ ALL CHINAMEN!

CHINAMEN?
UH HUH - I GOT
A HUNCH -
GREAT - LET'S
HEAR IT,
SPEED!

WHOA! NOT SO FAST,
MR MORAN! IF IT'S
O.K. WITH YOU I'D
LIKE TO WORK ALONG

OH ALRIGHT,
GO AHEAD,
SPEED -







SPEED TRAILS THE MARIA -



LUCKILY THE LOOKOUT'S GAZE IS ON
THE HORIZON - AND DOES NOT SEE HIM.



AT NIGHTFALL THE TWO BOATS COME
ALONGSIDE AND UNLOAD CARGO (?)





COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE OF GREGORY DILLINGWATER, AN ECCENTRIC AND EXTREMELY WEALTHY OLD MAN.



HE LIVES ALONE WITH HIS MANSERVANT, BUCKLEY



DILLINGWATER COLLECTS PRECIOUS GEMS AS A HOBBY



4 THEY ARE THE 'RHANGWA' PEARLS AND WORTH A KING'S RANSOM.

YES! THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL. I MUST POSSESS THEM!



5 THE DAILY TIMES
MILLIONAIRE BUYS THE "RHANGWA" PEARLS
GREGORY DILLINGWATER, NOTED OLD COLLECTOR OF PRECIOUS GEMS A

A CERTAIN STRANGER READS THE HEADLINES WITH GREAT INTEREST.

I SAY, SIR, ISN'T IT RATHER UNADVISED KEEPING SUCH VALUABLE GEMS ABOUT THE HOUSE?

TUT, TUT, BUCKLEY! WHAT WITH THE POLICE AND THIS MOST MODERN BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE MADE, WE REALLY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!



THERE IS ONE MAN, HOWEVER, QUITE UNIMPRESSED BY SAFES AND THE POLICE...



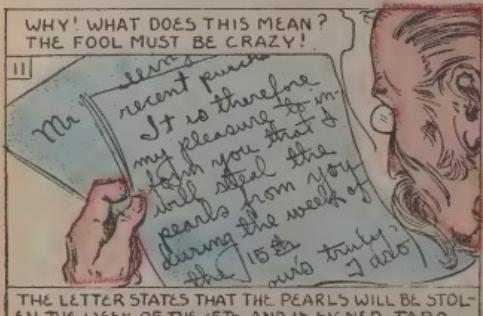
LATE ONE NIGHT THERE COMES A STEALTHY KNOCK AT THE DOOR.



STARTLED, THE BUTLER CAREFULLY PEERS OUT, --- NO ONE IS THERE!!



BUCKLEY FINDS A LETTER UNDER THE FRONT DOOR, ADDRESSED TO DILLINGWATER.



THE LETTER STATES THAT THE PEARLS WILL BE STOLEN IN THE WEEK OF THE 15TH, AND IS SIGNED, TARO.



GET IN TOUCH WITH THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY, BUCKLEY!



IT'S TARO ALLRIGHT, THE CLEVEREST GEM THIEF OF TWO CONTINENTS! HE'S REPEATEDLY MADE US THE FOOLS AND LAUGHING STOCK OF THE COUNTRY!

I'M AFRAID WE'RE STUMPED, CAPTAIN BURKE. THAT MAN IS ABSOLUTELY CAPTURE-PROOF!





NEXT DAY..... COSMO CALLS ON DILLINGWATER.



MEANWHILE THE POLICE KEEP A CLOSE VIGIL ON THE DILLINGWATER ESTATE.



TARO CONCEIVES A DARING PLAN - DISGUISE HIMSELF AS ONE OF THE POLICE-----



HE STUDIES HIS INTENDED VICTIMS AND GROUNDS.



THE POLICE QUESTION ALL SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.



BEGGING YOUR PARDON THERE'S REALLY NO SIR, BUT I DO FEEL A BIT UNEASY ABOUT THIS MAN TARO! THERE IS A VERITABLE CORDON OF POLICE AROUND THE PLACE.

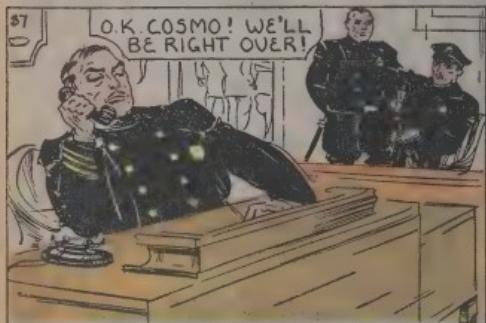




SUDDENLY DILLINGWATER SPRINGS UPON TARO,
OVERPOWERS AND HANDCUFFS HIM.



DILLINGWATER STEPS BACK, PULLS OFF THE
WIG, AND REVEALS HIMSELF AS COSMO.



THE REAL BUCKLEY IS RELEASED FROM THE CELLAR.



BRET LAWTON



THE ACE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE IS CONFRONTED WITH A SERIES OF BAFFLING MURDERS. MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE LURK AT EVERY STEP AS HE PENETRATES THE SILENT PERUVIAN JUNGLES.

CRISTOBAL, PANAMA. A QUIET TOWN IN
CENTRAL AMERICA WHERE MANY TOURISTS
SPEND THEIR VACATIONS.



BRET LAWTON

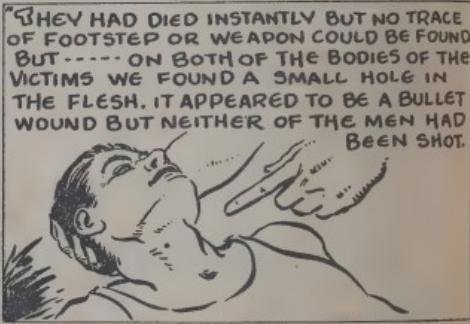
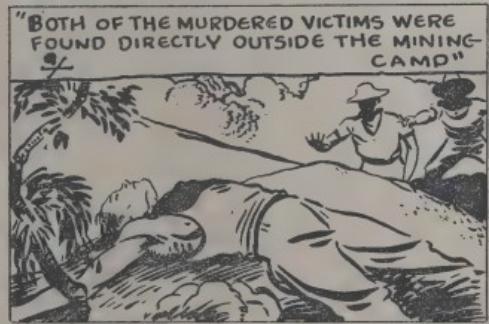


PARDON-SEÑOR LAWTON
THERE IS TELEGRAM FOR YOU
AT THE HOTEL.

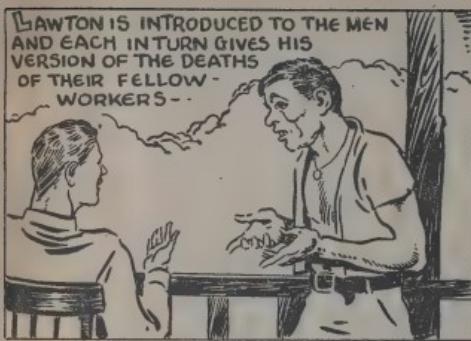


NO JAN, ITS FROM MY OLD PARTNER
MORGAN. HE'S HAVING
TROUBLE AT HIS
MINE IN PERU AND
HE WANTS ME TO
COME DOWN AND
HELP HIM OUT.





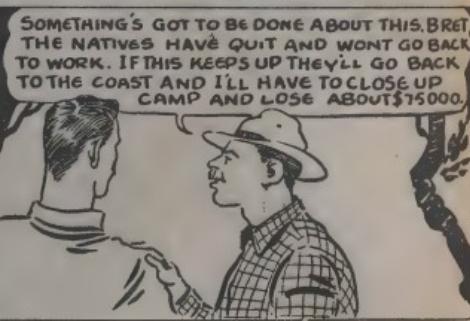
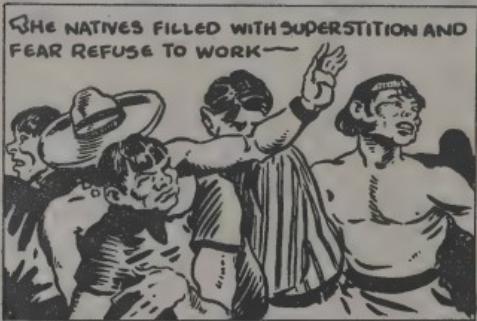
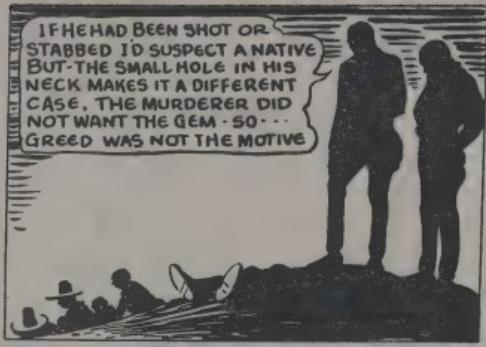
LAWTON IS INTRODUCED TO THE MEN AND EACH IN TURN GIVES HIS VERSION OF THE DEATHS OF THEIR FELLOW WORKERS--



WELL TIM, FOR THE PAST 3 DAYS I HAVE SEARCHED THE CAMP AND THE MINE FOR A CLUE AND CLUES I HAVE NONE. BUT I AM SURE THE MURDERER IS NOT IN YOUR MINING COMPANY.

BUT BRETT THERE ISN'T ANYONE ELSE LIVING IN THE MOUNTAINS EXCEPT-





MEANWHILE HIGH ABOVE
THEM STANDS AN INCA
PRIEST IN CEREMONIAL
GARB, GLARING DOWN
WITH HATRED AND
MALICE IN HIS
CRUEL EYES!



WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS INCA PRIEST?
IS HE THE MURDERER?
WILL BRET LAWTON SOLVE THE JUNGLE
MYSTERY?
READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE FOR THE
ANSWERS-

THE CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON

BY MAJOR MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON AND TOM HICKEY

HOWEVER, THIS WAS NOT AN ORDINARY DRAGON. THE DRAGON'S FEET WERE ARMED WITH 7 CLAWS, THE SACRED SYMBOL OF THE IMPERIAL RULERS OF CHINA!

(2) IT'S THE REAL THING ALL RIGHT! THE 7 CLAWED DRAGON! I THINK I'LL LOOK INTO THIS.

A MURKY, WET NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO. IN A SIDE STREET STANDS THE LEAN, SINEWY FIGURE OF NELSON GAZING AT AN ILLUMINATED SIGN. IT FORMS A CHINESE DRAGON, ODDLY OUT OF PLACE AMONGST THE GREAT BULK OF LOFTS AND OFFICE BUILDINGS.



(3) A CHINESE RESTAURANT SEEMS A BIT OUT OF PLACE DOWN HERE. WELL, MAYBE A LITTLE CHOW MEIN WOULD SATISFY BOTH MY APPETITE AND MY CURIOSITY.



WELL, NO ONE HERE!
I GUESS YOU SIT WHERE
YOU FEEL LIKE.



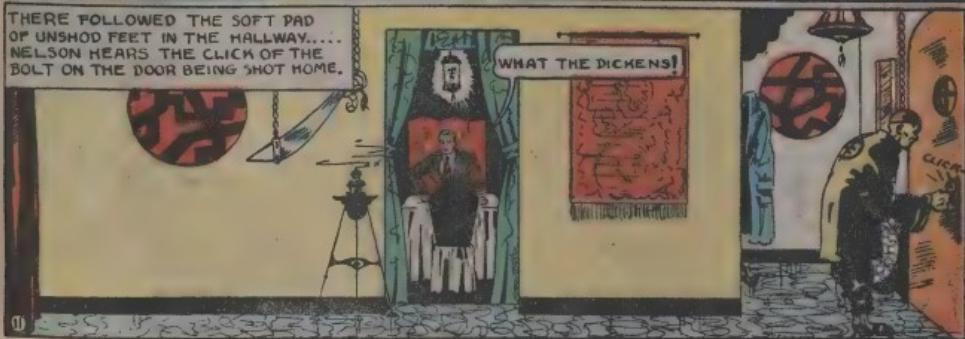
AT LAST, BECOMING IMPATIENT, HE RAPPED SMARTLY WITH HIS SEAL RING AGAINST A WATER GLASS.



THERE WAS NO RESPONSE, EXCEPT WHAT HE IMAGINED WAS A STEALTHY WHISPERING FROM THE SHADOWS AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM.



THERE FOLLOWED THE SOFT PAD OF UNSHOD FEET IN THE HALLWAY.... NELSON HEARS THE CLICK OF THE BOLT ON THE DOOR BEING SHOT HOME.



SEVERAL MINUTES PASSED WHILE NELSON SAT THERE AND GREW UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING, SOMEHOW, THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED.



IN RAPPING ON THE GLASS NELSON IS CAREFUL TO USE THE HEAVY GOLD PART OF THE RING. THE CENTER OF THE RING IS MADE OF VERY FINE RED JADE DONE IN THE LIKENESS OF A 7 CLAWED DRAGONS FOOT.



WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE CLICKING OF THE BOLT, THE EERIE SILENCE PERSISTS.

I SAY! - ISN'T THERE A WAITER AROUND?



- STILL NO RESPONSE -

I'LL GET SOMETHING TO EAT HERE IF I HAVE TO COOK IT MYSELF!



AS NELSON STARTS TO RISE HE SUDDENLY BECOMES AWARE OF A HUMAN FORM LOOMING ABOVE YOU STARTLED ME, WHERE DID YOU DROP FROM?



THE SINISTER, SILENT FORM SEEMED TO TOWER OVER NELSON.



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH? ISN'T THERE SOME ONE IN THIS PLACE TO WAIT ON A CUSTOMER?

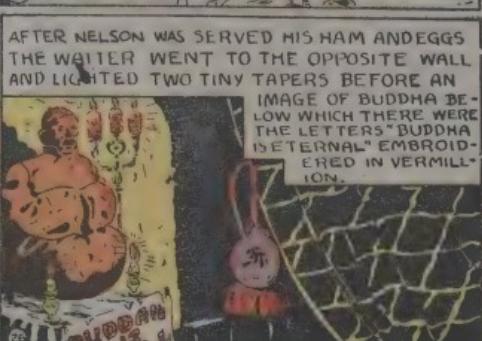


THE MAN BEFORE HIM SILENTLY BOWS HIS HEAD - THEN -



NELSON WHIRLS IN ASTONISHMENT AS THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION COMES FROM BEHIND HIM. THERE STANDS ANOTHER GIGANTIC FORM!!





SEVERAL MINUTES PASSED IN SILENCE, AND THEN NELSON HEARD THE SLIDE AND CREAK OF A CAR COMING TO A STOP OUTSIDE.

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE



SOON THERE WERE VOICES AT THE OUTER DOOR. ONE, THE DEEP AND RESONANT VOICE OF A MAN, SPEAKING WITH THE TRACE OF AN ACCENT, THE OTHER IS THE CLEAR, BEAUTIFUL CONTRALTO VOICE OF A WOMAN. THE LATTER VOICE FACINATES NELSON.

BOY! THAT'S A VOICE IN A MILLION

BY NOW THREE CHINESE HAD APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS. ONE STOOD AT THE VACANT AND WAITING TABLE, THE OTHER JUST INSIDE THE DOOR, AND THE THIRD WAS GREETING THE NEWCOMERS.



NELSON STARED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE VOICES BUT THE SHADOW CAUSED BY THE BULK OF THE CHINESE AT THE DOOR OBSCURED THE STRANGERS.

-THEN-



THE TWO STRANGERS -



ACROSS HIS VISION PASSED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HIS EYES HAD EVER BEHELD...



AS THE GROSSER BULK OF THE MAN PASSED,
NELSON STARTED IN ASTONISHMENT AS HIS GAZE
FELL ON THE RING WORN BY THE NEWCOMER.



GOOD LORD! HIS RING
IS IDENTICAL WITH MINE.



THAT'S A
STRANGE COIN-
CINCENCE! - VERY
STRANGE!



NELSONS' INTEREST AND CURIOSITY NOW
REDOUBLED AS HE WATCHED THEM SEATED.



HIS EYES THEN FELL ON THE CHINESE WAITER. HE SEEMED TO HAVE BECOME TENSE, RE-
MING ONE OF A PANTHER GETTING READY
TO SPRING ...



I FEEL UNEASY.
SOMETHING QUEER IS
GOING ON HERE OR I'M
A CHINAMAN!



ONCE AGAIN NELSON'S EYES SWEPT TOWARDS THE GIRL. HIS HEART THROBBED STRANGELY AS HE GAZED UPON HER. HE FELT SURE SHE WAS IN DANGER HERE . . .



FROM THE SHADOWS IN THE REAR AGAIN CAME THE STRANGE, FAINT, CHILLING MURMURS.



THRU THE SHADOWS CAME A QUICK GLEAM AS OF LIGHT STRIKING STEEL.



NELSON SMILES AT HIS THOUGHTS.



AT THIS MOMENT THE GIRL LOOKED IN HIS DIRECTION. THEIR GLANCES MET AND CLUNG....



YOU LOOK WORRIED, MY DEAR



A STEALTHY FIGURE GLIDED SWIFTLY UP A DARK ALLEY LEADING TO THE BACK OF THE RESTAURANT.



46
THEY PROCEEDED ALONG A DARK PASSAGEWAY CONVERSING IN LOW GUTTURAL TONES.

THE FIGURE RAPS AT THE REAR DOOR. A HUGE, SINISTER-LOOKING CHINESE ADMITS HIM



47
THE PASSAGE ENTERS INTO A RICHLY DECORATED ROOM. AN IMPOSING CHINESE DOMINATES THE ROOM.



EXCELLENT. TELL THE HONORABLE SEN YOI I AM MOST GRATEFUL ...

EVRYTHING IS READY, MOST HONORABLE ONE!

THE GIRL'S FATHER SHOT A PIERCING LOOK IN NELSON'S DIRECTION. THE TWO MEN GAVE A BARELY PERCEPTIBLE NOD.



SHORTLY TWO CHINESE ARRIVED AND SERVED THE COUPLE.



TO NELSON'S SURPRISE THEY ARE SERVED A FULL COURSE DINNER, ALL THE CHINESE DELICACIES AND TRIMMINGS THAT HAD BEEN DENIED HIM!



HE HAD DIFFICULTY REPRESSING A FAINT START WHEN HE FOUND THE MAN LOOMING CLOSELY OVER HIS SHOULDER.



WITHOUT ANSWERING THE MAN PLACED THE CHECK BESIDE HIS PLATE.



NELSON GAZED UP AT HIM IN GROWING ANGER,
THEN GLANCED AT THE OTHER TABLE WHERE
ALL THE THINGS HE HAD ASKED FOR WERE IN
PLAIN VIEW.



SENSING THAT HIS PRESENCE WAS NOT DE-
SIRE, HE GREW INCREASINGLY CURIOUS
AND STUBBORN.



HE RETURNS WITH THE ORDER. AS NELSON EATS SLOWLY THE WAITER MAKES REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO HURRY HIM BY REMOVING PLATES, BOWLS, ETC.



WHILE HE STARED, THE WAITER SUGGESTIVELY SHOVED THE CHECK FORWARD AGAIN.

WHAT'S THIS
BIRD UP TO?



HIS VOICE ROSE SLIGHTLY IN HIS ANGER AND HE FELT THE EYES OF THE OTHER TWO GUESTS UPON HIM.



THE WAITER SAW THE COUPLE'S SURPRISE AND GREW AGITATED.



NELSON, GRINNING TO HIMSELF, FORESTALLED THESE ATTEMPTS AND ATE SLOWLY AND CALMLY.



THE TENSE NERVOUS FEELING CREATED BY THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLACE WAS PUTTING HIS NERVES ON EDGE. HE NOTICED THAT THE GIRL ALSO SEEMED NERVOUS. HER FOOD WAS SCARCELY TOUCHED.



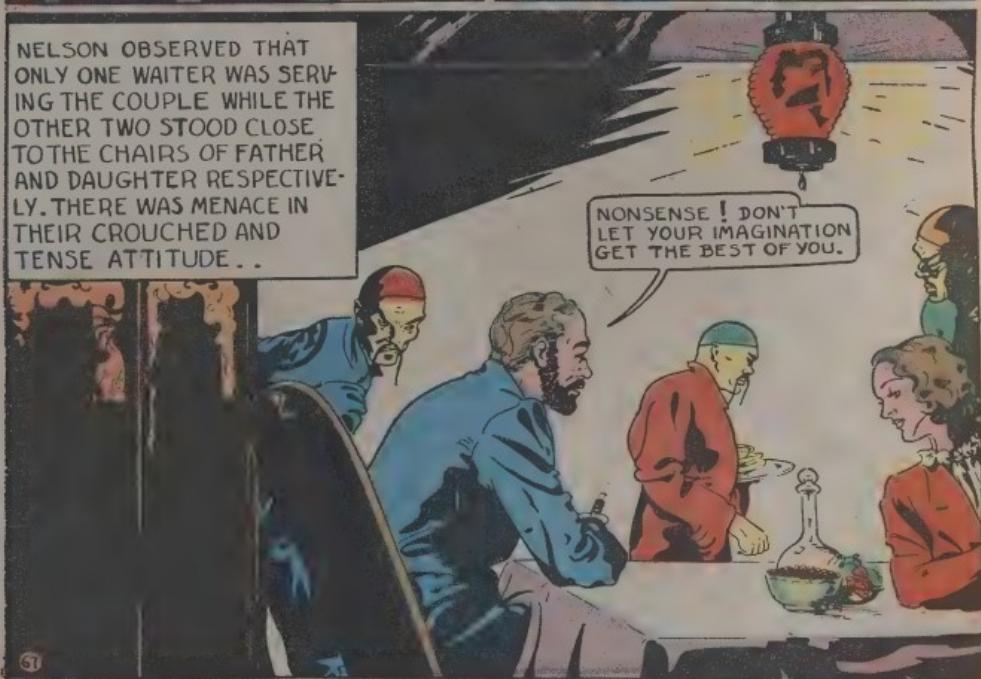
ONCE OR TWICE SHE GLANCED HIS WAY. NELSON IMAGINED HE SAW A LITTLE FEAR AND SOMETHING LIKE APPEAL IN HER EYES.



BY THIS TIME THE FORCE OF WAITERS HAD INCREASED. TWO HOVERED ABOUT HIS OWN TABLE WHILE THREE WERE AT THE TABLE WHERE THE TWO STRANGERS SAT.



NELSON OBSERVED THAT ONLY ONE WAITER WAS SERVING THE COUPLE WHILE THE OTHER TWO STOOD CLOSE TO THE CHAIRS OF FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESPECTIVELY. THERE WAS MENACE IN THEIR CROUCHED AND TENSE ATTITUDE..



SOME THING'S GOING
TO POP HERE, AND
VERY SHORTLY, TOO!



THE WAITER, SEE MINGLY ACCIDENTALLY, DROPS A TRAY OF BOWLS NEAR THE TWO GUESTS. THEIR ATTENTION BECOMES CENTERED ON THIS FOR A SECOND.



THE RUSTLE AND WHISPER FROM THE REAR OF THE KITCHEN HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY DIED DOWN AND THE PLACE WAS IN SILENCE. BUT, THE SILENCE HAD BECOME OMINOUS, LIKE THE TENSE STILLNESS THAT USHERS IN A STORM ...

AND IN THAT
RICHLY DECORATED
REAR CHAMBER -

THRU A DEVICE RESEMBLING A PERISCOPE, THE ENTIRE BUILDING CAN BE SURVEYED ...



NELSON ROSE WITH A WARNING SHOUT AS THE TWO WAITERS BEHIND THE BACKS OF THE BLACK BEARDED MAN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER MADE A SINGLE SWIFT STEP FORWARD, HOLDING SOMETHING WHITE IN THEIR HANDS ...

LOOK OUT!



HIS WARNING CAME TOO LATE,
FOR THE SQUARES OF WHITE
SILK DESCENDED WITH LIGHT-
LIKE SPEED OVER THE HEADS
OF THE TWO DINERS!



HE SAW NO MORE, FOR AT THAT SAME INSTANT THE SOFT FOLDS OF SOME HEAVY SILK MATERIAL DROPPED AROUND HIS OWN HEAD, NEARLY STIFLING HIM



HE LUNGED FORWARD, UPSETTING THE TABLE, ONLY TO HAVE HIS LEGS KICKED OUT FROM UNDER HIM, AND A COIL OF ROPE TIGHTENED ABOUT HIS ARMS WHILE STRONG HANDS SEIZED HIM.



GUMSHOE GUS

By BILL PATRICK



BOYS — DID I EVER TELL YUH ABOUT TH' TIME I CAPTURED "LOUIE TH' LUMP AND HIS GANG? — WELL

CHANGE YER TUNE GUS — YOU'VE WORN THAT ONE OUT!

YEAH — THE FIRST THING YUH KNOW YOU'LL BE BELIEVIN' IT YERSelf!



AN' THE TIME "SQUINTY SQUID" TIED ME UP AN' GAGGED ME!



IT'S TOO BAD HE DIDN'T LEAVE TH' GAG ON!

I SECOND THE MOTION!



YOU FLAT-FEET ARE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE TH' CHIEF GIVES ME ALL TH' TOUGH JOBS!

THAT'S RIGHT, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY — YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO TH' DOG SHOW LAST TIME!



YEAH — AN' I'LL NEVER FORGET TH' LOOK ON GUS' FACE WHEN TH' JUDGES GAVE HIM TH' BLUE RIBBON FOR BEIN' TH' BEST POODLE IN TH' SHOW!



AW! — AINT NO USE TALKIN' T' YOU MUGS — YOU'RE JUST GREEN WITH ENVY!



HEY, GUS — THE
CHIEF WANTS
TO SEE YUH!

PROBABLY WANTS ME
TO GO OUT AN' SOLVE
A MURDER OR A BANK
ROBBERY!

GUS, YOU'VE GOTTA GO OUT
TO MRS GOTLOTZ HOUSE —
THERE'S A BIG AFFAIR ON
AND YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP
YOUR EYES ON THE JEWELS!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF —
I'LL KEEP ME GIMLET EYE
ON TH' WHOLE WORKS!

YOUR NYME, SIR —
AVE YOU HAN
HINVITATION?

I DON'T NEED NONE —
I'M TH' POLICE!

VERY GOOD, SIR —
YOU MAY HENTER

SAY! — DIDN'T YOU DO A
STRETCH UP TH'
RIVER?

H'I SIR? — OH, NO, SIR — H'I DO MY
STRETCHING H'IN THE
MORNING WHEN H'I
H'ARISE, SIR — DAILY
DOZEN SO TO SPEAK!

WHAT ARE YOUR DOOTIES
HERE? — WHAT'S YER
NAME?

H'I BUTLER
H'AROUND HERE,
MY —

SO! — WORKIN' UNDER
AN ALIAS, EH! — WHAT
OTHER NAME DO YUH
USE BESIDES BUTLER?

H'I MEAN, SIR, MY
DUTIES ARE THOSE
OF BUTLER — H'I
SHALL NOTIFY MADAM
THAT YOU ARE HERE!

HOW DO YOU DO — I AM
MRS. GOTLOTZ — I'M SO
GLAD YOU'VE COME — ONE
NEVER KNOWS WHAT SORT OF
PEOPLE MAY TRY TO THRUST

I DON'T KNOW WHICH
ONE YUH MEAN — BUT
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
IT — I GOT ME
GIMLET EYE OPEN

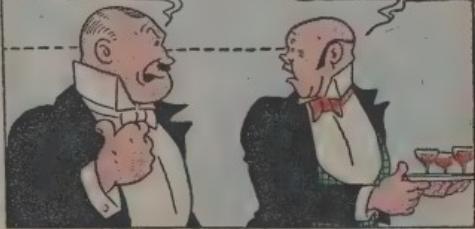
THEMSELVES
UPON ONE!

IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU
WISH IN THE WAY OF REFRESHMENTS,
JUST ASK 'REEVES'—I MUST GO NOW,
I'M HAVING THE NEXT DANCE!

THANKS!—
I MAY TAKE
A SHOT O'
RYE.
LATER!

SAY, REEVES!—WHO'S THAT
SUSPICIOUS LOOKIN' MUG
EYEIN' ME IN THAT
DOORWAY?

H'I SYE, SIR—
THAT'S NOT A
DOORWAY—H'ITS
A MIRROR, SIR!





BART REGAN'S SPY

lv

JEROME SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

BART REGAN IS ASTOUNDED TO RECEIVE A NOTICE DISCHARGING HIM FROM FURTHER SERVICE AS A FEDERAL AGENT.

LOOK HERE, CHIEF, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, REGAN! I'VE AN ORDER, FROM HIGHER UP TO APPARENTLY FIRE YOU. IN REALITY YOU'RE TO BE TRANSFERRED TO THE SECRET SPY DETAIL. REPORT TO ROOM 2048 -- GOOD LUCK, BART!

WHEN BART REACHES ROOM 2048

MAYBE YOU'D RATHER BE A FEDERAL MAN AS YOU SAY, BUT YOU MUST FORGET PERSONAL PREFERENCES. YOU SEE, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU BADLY -- AS A SPY. WE ARE BEING HARRIED BY FOREIGN ESPIONAGE AGENTS AND WHILE WE MUST PROTECT OURSELVES, CANNOT COME OUT IN THE OPEN. WILL YOU ACCEPT?

IF THAT'S THE CASE, I WILL.



YOU REALIZE OF COURSE, YOU WILL NOT REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES OFFICIALLY, THAT IF YOU GET IN A TIGHT SPOT WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE AND ASSIST YOU -- YOU'VE GOT TO SACRIFICE YOUR PERSONAL LIFE AND ALL THOUGHTS OF MARRIAGE



A GREAT SORROW STIFLES BART'S HEART AS HE ATTEMPTS TO SEVER THE LAST TIE WHICH BINDS HIM TO HIS FORMER LIFE.

I GUESS OUR AFFAIR WAS ALL A MISTAKE, SALLY. SO LONG -- AND GOOD LUCK!

HE PHONES SALLY NORRIS, HIS FIANCÉE AND FALSELY TELLS HER HE NO LONGER LOVES HER.

I'M SORRY, SON. WE'RE PRACTICALLY ASKING YOU TO FORGET ALL YOU'VE EVER DREAMED AND -- DASH IT ALL! -- WE CAN'T EVEN GIVE YOU PUBLIC CREDIT FOR WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

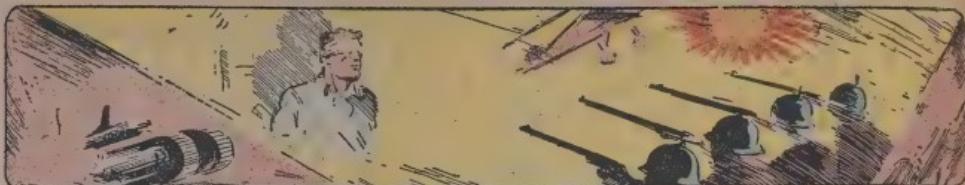
IT'S ALL IN THE GAME, I GUESS.



BUT SALLY HAS OTHER IDEAS

BART! -- HE HUNG UP'... HE DOESN'T FOOL ME, I KNOW. HE STILL LOVES ME -- WELL, HE'LL SOON LEARN I'M HARD TO SHAKE OFF.





THAT EVENING . . . FOLLOWING ORDERS, BART DONS AN ARMY CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM. HE IS TO ATTEND A SOCIAL GATHERING AS CAPTAIN MARKHAM AND MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF OLGA GALINOFF, WHO IS SUSPECTED OF USING HER CHARM TO WORM VALUABLE ARMY SECRETS OUT OF YOUNG OFFICERS



I WONDER WHAT ONE SHOULD SAY UPON BEING INTRODUCED TO A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE SPY . . .

SALLY, DRIVING TO BART'S RESIDENCE IN THE HOPE OF AGAIN AROUSING HIS INTEREST IN HER, GLIMPSES HIM DRIVE OFF IN A TAXI



FOLLOW THAT TAXI, DRIVER! — SO! HE BREAKS OUR ENGAGEMENT THEN GOES OUT TO CELEBRATE!



BART ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION

"REGAN" TO ME -- DON'T WORRY BUDDY I'M A GOVERNMENT MAN, TOO. I'LL POINT OUT OLGA TO YOU



CRASHING YOUR PARTY — SAY, WOULD YOU PLEASE INTRODUCE ME TO THAT HANDSOME OFFICER OVER THERE?

SALLY ARRIVES



CAPTAIN MARKHAM, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET SALLY NORRIS

YOU'—WHY—

CERTAINLY! I'D BE DELIGHTED TO DANCE WITH YOU!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY PULLING ME OUT ON THE FLOOR? — HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

WELL, WELL, SO YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!





EAGLE-EYED JAKE

BY ALGER

WHOSE CLEVERNESS
WAS TALKED ABOUT
FROM MOSCOW
TO DULUTH -

JONES SOLVES
ASH HEAP
MURDER

IN APPREHENDING
CRIMINALS AND
THROWING THEM
IN JAIL

HA-HA
HA!

THE POPULACE SAID, "HEE-
HEE-HEE - HO-HO-
AND HAR-HAR-HAR!!"

WHO HASN'T HEARD
OF HAMHOCK JONES,
THE CELEBRATED
SLEUTH,

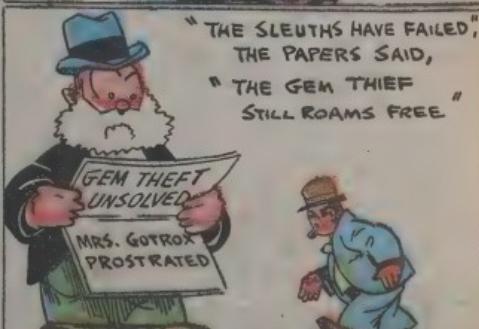
BUT WE WOULD SING
OF EAGLE-EYED JAKE,
WHO TOOK A COURSE
BY MAIL

SLEUTHING
BY THE HOUR
OR JOB

HA
HA!
THE DAY JAKE GOT
HIS HANDCUFFS, HIS
FALSE WHISKERS
AND HIS STAR

BEHIND A POLE,
DISGUISED, OUR
JAKE WOULD TAKE
UP HIS POSITION
AND CAST UPON THE
PASSERBY THE
COLD EYE OF
SUSPICION





"GET JAKE, SOME VILLAGE
JOKER SAID,
"TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY"



AND, STRANGE TO SAY,
JAKE GOT THE CASE

HELP US
IF YOU
CAN!

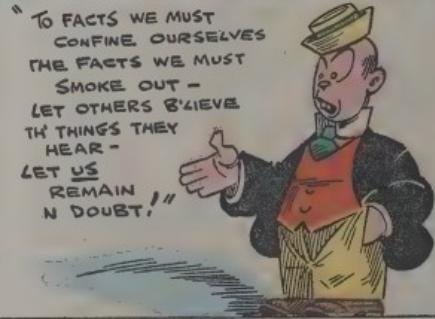
OKAY!



AND SAID, "ALL THIS CONFUSION
HAS COME BECAUSE YOU
LOST YOUR HEADS
AND JUMPED AT A
CONCLUSION!"



"TO FACTS WE MUST
CONFINE OURSELVES
THE FACTS WE MUST
SMOKE OUT -
LET OTHERS BELIEVE
TH THINGS THEY
HEAR -
LET US
REMAIN !!"
N DOUBT!



AND PEOPLE WHISPERED,
"THIS IS RICH!
WE'LL HAVE A LOT
OF FUN
WITH JAKE, OUR
LOCAL PINKERTON;
BEFORE THIS
THING IS DONE!"



"WE'RE ASKED TO PINCH
A THIEF," SAID JAKE,
"BUT, ERE WE MOVE
AN INCH,-"



"-LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN FIGGER OUT
IF THERE'S A
THIEF TO
PINCH !!"



"AND, TOO, T' STAGE A
JEWEL THEFT
YEH GOTTA HAVE
SOME JODLS!
T' START OUT
HUNTN' OTHERWISE
WE'D BE A
PACK O' FOOLS!"



"THIS JAKE IS TALKING
TOMMYROT!"
SAID MRS. GOTROX'
MAID -

SAYD MISSUS GOTROX.
"NO HE'S NOT!
HE'S TALKING
SENSE, I'M
'AFRAID!!"

"AND NOW, HORTENSE,
I THINK WE'LL PACK -
WE NEED A LONG
VACATION --"

"TELL JEEVES TO
FETCH A LIMOUSINE
AND DRIVE US
TO THE STATION"

ONE
MUNIT
!!

"BUT FIRST ADMIT," OUR
JAKE CRIED OUT,
"A GEM THIEF'S
HARD TO FIND --"

!"
"WHEN NEITHER
GEMS NOR THIEF
EXIST
EXCEPT IN
YOUR OWN
MIND!!"

"I KNOW THE
EXPLANATION FOR
YOUR VERY
STUPID CAPERS -
YOU THOUGHT
YOU'D LIKE T'
SEE YOUR NAME
IN ALL THE
EVNING
PAPERS!!"

YOU WIN.
JAKE!

'TWAS THUS JAKE MADE
A MONKEY OF
THE SILLY GOTROX DAME
AND, AS A SLEUTH,
SPRANG INSTANTLY
TO UNIVERSAL
FAME!

EAGLE-EYED
JAKE SOLVES
GEM
MYSTERY

SILLY SLEUTHS

JUST 'CAUSE HE'S GOT BIG FEET AN' A DERBY HAT, GUS IS TAKIN' A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN DETECTING!!



IS THAT THE BODY?

NO - INSPECTOR SCHMALTZ IS TRYIN' T'FIND TH' MURDERER BY GETTIN' IN TH' VICTIM'S FRAME OF MIND!



WHERE ARE YA GOIN' - REILLY?? TO A MASQUERADE?

NO - YOU DOPE! I'M IN DISGUISE - THERE'S BEEN A MURDER DOWN AT THE ZOO!

YOU GOTTA TATTOO A BADGE HERE ON MY CHEST - I JUST GOT A JOB AS HOUSE-DETECTIVE IN A NUDE CAMP!!





Buck MARSHALL

RANGE
DETECTIVE

BY FLOMER FLEMING

BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF. THE MESSAGE IS URGENT - CATTLE THIEVES ARE TERRORIZING THE COUNTRY.

BUCK LOSES NO TIME IN RESPONDING TO THE SHERIFF'S APPEAL FOR HELP, AND NOW, IS PULLING UP HIS HORSE AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AFTER A LONG, HARD RIDE OVER PLAINS AND MOUNTAIN TRAILS ... HE HAS NEVER BEEN IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE, HAVING KNOWN THE SHERIFF IN TEXAS.

THE SHERIFF MUST BE
IN - HIS DOOR IS OPEN



HELLO!
SHERIFF

HOW ARE YOU?
BUCK - TAKE
A SEAT - I WANT
TO TALK TO YOU

SHERIFF, WE ELECTED
YOU TO GET RID OF
THESE NESTERS.
RUSTLING IS AS
BAD AS EVER!

I'M DOING
ALL I CAN.
SANDERS

SANDERS OWNS THE BARS, A BIG SPREAD, WITH JACKSON - HE ACCUSES VOLK, OWNER OF CIRCLE BAR 8, OF RUSTLING TRICKS. THERE'S BEEN BAD FEELING EVER SINCE VOLK REFUSED TO SELL SOME LAND.

AND YOU SAY THERE
HAVE BEEN KILLINGS
ON OTHER SPREADS?

UU
WANT
3000

BUCK APPLIES
FOR A JOB AT
BAR S, USING
ANOTHER
NAME

YES, WE CAN USE ANOTHER
HAND - SEE SLICK
AT THE BUNKHOUSE



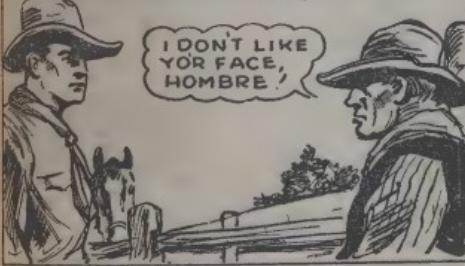
JACKSON JUST PUT
ME ON - MY NAME
IS SAM WILSON

O.K. WILSON
TAKE THAT
END BUNK



AS BUCK STARTS FOR THE CORRAL, A BURLY
COWBOY JOSTLES HIM - AN EXCHANGE
OF WORDS FOLLOWS.

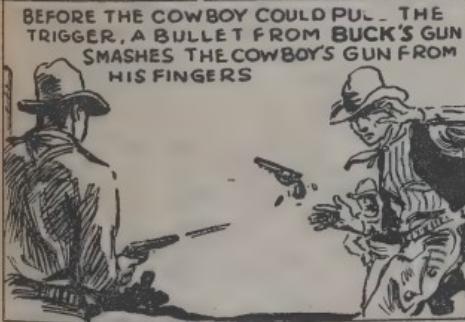
I DON'T LIKE
YOR FACE,
HOMBRE !



GOFER YOR
IRON - YA
COYOTE !



BEFORE THE COWBOY COULD PUL - THE
TRIGGER, A BULLET FROM BUCK'S GUN
SMASHES THE COWBOY'S GUN FROM
HIS FINGERS



NOW, IF ANY
OF YOU OTHER
GENTS

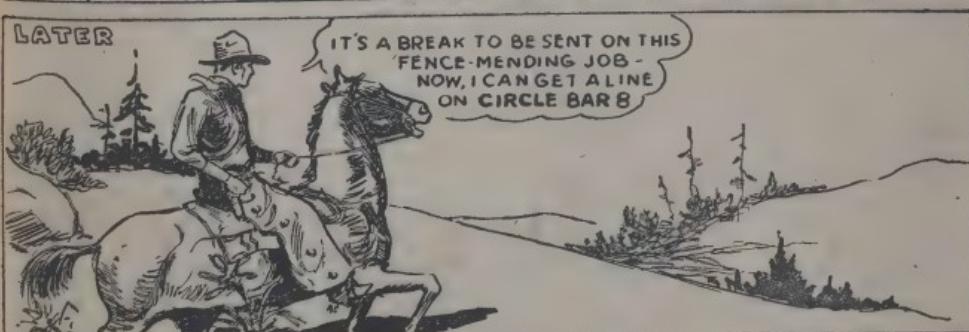
I AINT TAKIN' UP
RAWHIDE'S FIGHT!

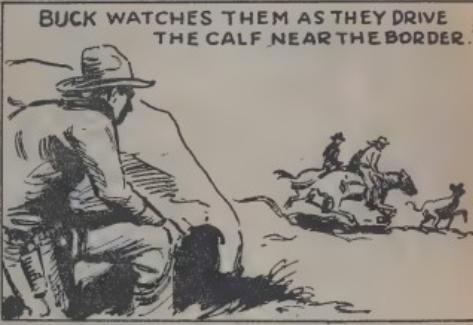
ME, NEITHER

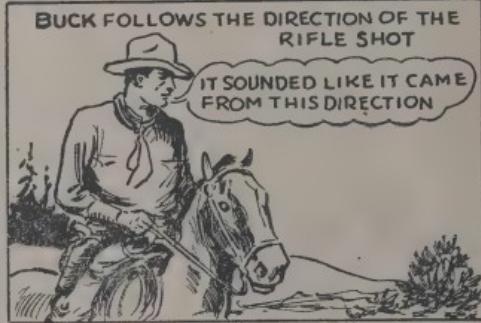


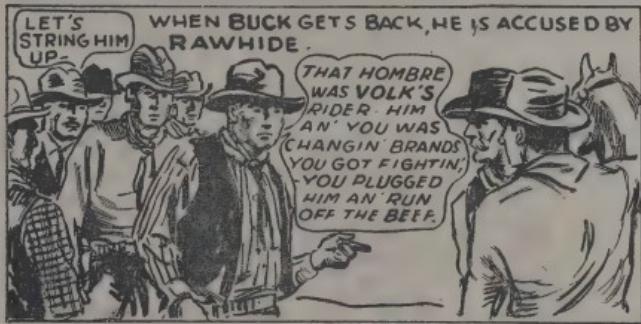
LATER

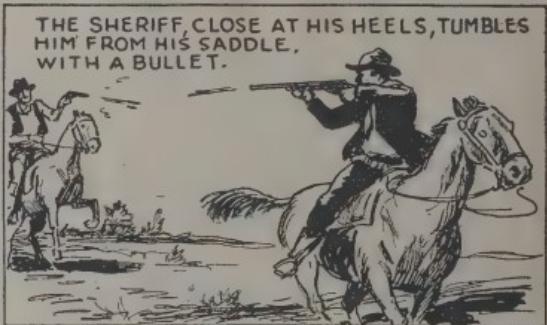
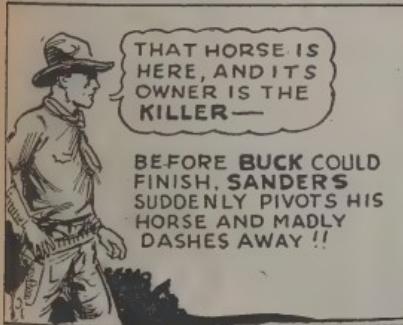
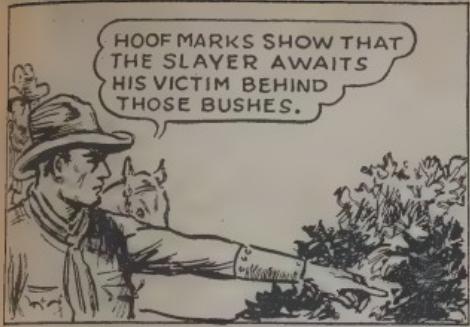
IT'S A BREAK TO BE SENT ON THIS
'FENCE-MENDING JOB -
NOW, I CAN GET A LINE
ON CIRCLE BAR 8









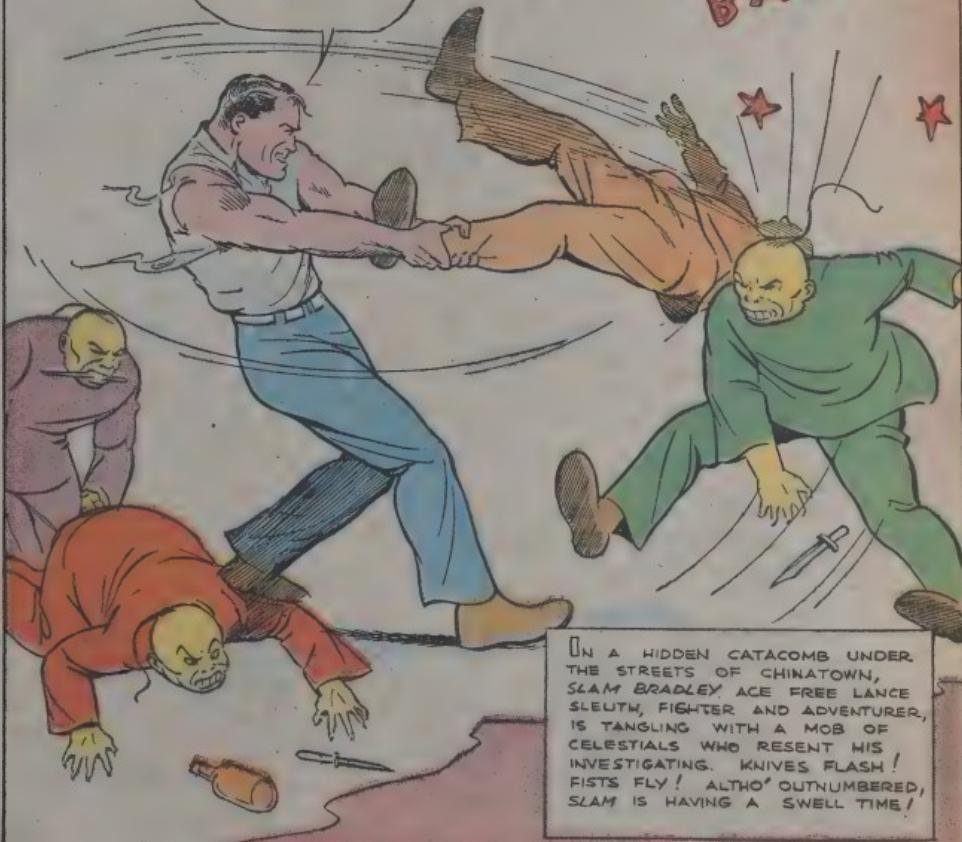


SLAM BRADLEY

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

SO YOU
WANT TO
PLAY, EH?

BAM!



In a hidden catacomb under the streets of Chinatown, Slam Bradley, ace free lance sleuth, fighter and adventurer, is tangling with a mob of celestials who resent his investigating. Knives flash! Fists fly! Altho' outnumbered, Slam is having a swell time!

SUDDENLY
A LOCKED
DOOR,
CRASHES
INWARD
BEFORE
THE
CHARGE
OF A
SWARM
OF
BLUE-COATS





MEANWHILE -- "SHORTY" EXPLAINS HIS PLAN TO THE TELEPHONE-GIRL

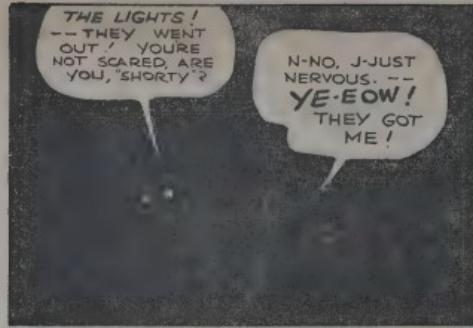


AS SLAM DEPARTS --

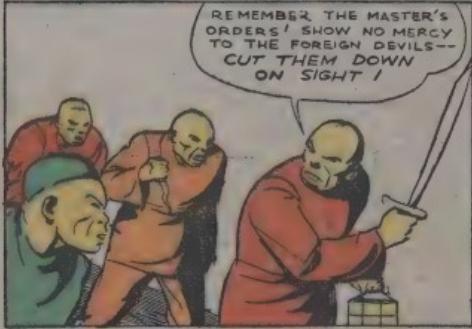










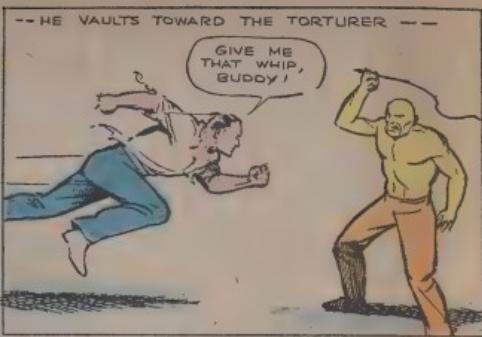


A FEW MOMENTS AFTER SLAM STEALS FROM THE ROOM

LOOK, MIMI.
A DOOR! --
LETS SEE WHATS BEHIND IT!

MEANWHILE -- LOOKING DOWN FROM ATOP A HIGH BANNISTER SLAM FINDS HE HAS COME TO THE END OF HIS SEARCH





WHEN SLAM SPRINGS INTO ACTION HE'S A VERITABLE CYCLONE! SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW HE SWOOPS DOWN ON FUI ONYUI AND KICKING HIS FEET FORWARD, LETS THE DEADLY TONG KILLER HAVE IT RIGHT ON THE BUTTON NEXT--



SLAM THEN SETTLES DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS FIGHTING -- HERE AND THERE HE DARTS WITH THE SPEED OF A STREAKING ARROW. HIS THUNDERING FISTS SEEM TO BE EVERYWHERE! FUI ONYUI HAPLESSLY GETS IN SLAM'S WAY AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE IS SOARING THRU SPACE AND BY THE END OF HIS PIGTAIL. THE CHINAMEN ARE DEMORALIZED BY SLAM'S INDOMITABLE COURAGE, SURPRISING STRENGTH AND LAUGHTER. IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING ODDS!

CURIOUSLY OPENING A CLOSET-DOOR "SHORTY" PEERS DIRECTLY INTO A TERRIFYING FACE INSTANTLY HE DIVES FOR COVER /



MEANWHILE

THE ALARMED SENTINEL SMILES CRAFTILY TO HIMSELF AS HE HEARS A MUFFLED BARK FROM A NEARBY BOX. BUT AS HE LIFTS HIS HATCHET --



THE CHINKS ROUTED, SLAM FREES RITA.



"SHORTY" HAS AN INSPIRATION HOW HE CAN DEMONSTRATE HIS SCIENTIFIC METHODS TO SLAM

H
E POURS
SOME TAR
HE FINDS IN
THE STORE-
ROOM UPON
A FOOTPRINT
ON THE
FLOOR IN AN
ATTEMPT TO
EMULATE
THE FEATS
OF G-MEN

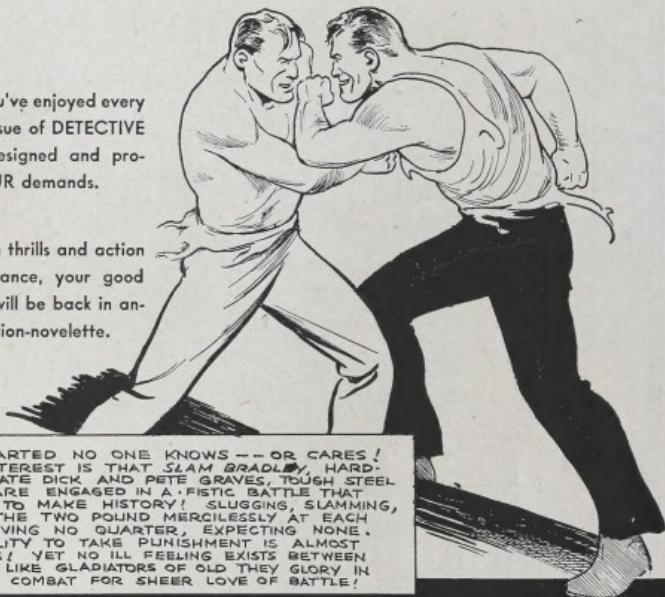




NEXT MONTH: A BIG SECOND HELPING!

WE FEEL sure that you've enjoyed every page of this first issue of DETECTIVE COMICS, for it was designed and produced according to YOUR demands.

THREE'LL be lots more thrills and action next month. For instance, your good friend SLAM BRADLEY will be back in another fast and furious action-novelette.



HOW IT STARTED NO ONE KNOWS — OR CARES! OF SOLE INTEREST IS THAT SLAM BRADLEY, HARD-BOILED PRIVATE DICK, AND PETE GRAVES, TOUGH STEEL WORKER, ARE ENGAGED IN A FISTIC BATTLE THAT THREATENS TO MAKE HISTORY. PUNCHING, SLAPPING, SICKLING, THE TWO POUND MERCILESSLY AT EACH OTHER, GIVING NO QUARTER, EXPECTING NONE! THEIR ABILITY TO TAKE PUNISHMENT IS ALMOST MIRACULOUS! YET NO ILL FEELING EXISTS BETWEEN THE TWO. LIKE GLADIATORS OF OLD THEY GLORY IN THE COMBAT FOR SHEER LOVE OF BATTLE!

ASK FOR IT BY NAME!

MARCH, 1937

VOL. I No. 1

Detective COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

Editor and Publisher

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN F. WHITNEY ELLSWORTH

Associate Editors

Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 275 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Editorial Office, 275 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Second class entry pending at post-office, New York, N.Y. under the act of March 2, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain—\$1.00; elsewhere, \$2.00. Single copies 10 cents (in Canada, 15 cents). The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited drawings, though due care will be exercised in handling them. All drawings must be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return, and the publisher cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning unsolicited material. Contents of this magazine may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the permission, in writing, of the publisher. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1937, Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates, address:

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